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In The Moments Of Sacredness

GentleMountainLion
(http://www.geocities.com/Athens/forum/6214)

In dire hours of morn, you invade my conciousness,
sleep bringeths my awakening, my acceptance of will,
In dreamful vision you show thy purpose for tis servant,
A quest of heart, of spirit, the invented purpose indeed revealed,

I awake, your presence still pulsating in my heart,
Your words still fresh within mine ears, echos from within and from thy gracefulness,
Your vision carved within the caverns of my consciousness,
You mold my actions of the day, the character I humbly partake,

In gratitude of the moments, I inscribe in memory thy revelations,
to forever fortell of the blessings of your visitations,
I hastly copy and place within finger's etching your insights,
lest in waking moments thy lessons fall barrren within escaped memories,

Finished, humbly I review, deeper I meditate upon you, thankful,
Like a child with quesitons in morn, I question and seeketh thee more,
My soul eagerly seeks slumber once more, to open my chambers to thee once more,
My soul thirsts your presence like spacious morn greets the dew of night,

All day I ponder your revelations, like unsolved riddles cast in wind, I ponder,
ever asking for your interpretation, I seek, seek, always wanting more of you,
My mind focuses, never letting go of your daily shedding of light upon my countenence,

Night arrives, my head rests upon you, fixed upon your light filtering through my spirit,
I rest, confident in my faith in you, ready to partake of thy pilgrimage, ready and able,
Once more night overtakes me, in gentle est once more your presence consumes me, fills
me,
I am once more blessed of thy grace in company eagerly I begin to scribble in my mind all,

All I see my eyes soak up as valuable, the colors, the patterns of light, all subtle movements, even of
signs of hands,
my ears, though be weak, and Deaf, strain on thy voice, recording of sounds,
My hands, wanting gentle embrace of they compassion and love, reach for you happily,
My soul fills iwth your love, wanting more of your lessons, and confidence of journey,

I awake, ready to face the day, a new tool withing the taverns of my spirit,
confidence is my shield, faith is my mainstay, I am moved within to compassion's sigh,

The moon watches overhead, the birds whisper in night, they presence fills me,
Once more I sit, ponder and write, thankful for another day's blessing, and night.
Bles be and merry meet, and never a second's pause in leave, always in each other's arms be,
for my heart searches thee, craves thy wisdom and blessings, thy power strengthens my
soul,
I am renewed....

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